As I my poor self did exchange for you, To your so infinite loss ; so, in our trifles I still win of you: For my sake, wear this; It is a manacle [8] of love ; 111 place it Upon this fairest prisoner.

_*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm**

IMO, O, the gods !
When shall we see again ?

Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.

POST. Alack, the king!
CYM. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away! Thou art poison to my blood.

POST. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone.

[Exit.

IMO. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is [9].

- Euriphile,

** Thou wast their nurse ; they took *thee* for their mother, " And every day do honour to *her* grave." MALONE.

As none of our author's productions were revised by himself as they passed from the theatre through the press; and as Julius Caesar and Cymbeline are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering first folio ; it is hardly fair to charge irregularities on the poet, of which his publishers alone might have been guilty. I must therefore take leave to set down the present, and many similar often ces against the established rules of language, under the article of Hemingisms and Condelisms ; and, as such, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, *to* be corrected.

The instance brought from The Rape of Lucrece might only have been a compositorial inaccuracy, like those which have occasionally happened in the course of our present republication.

STEEVENS.

8 — a MANACLE —] A *manacle* properly means what we now call a *hand-ciiff.* STEEVENS.

9 There cannot be a pinch in death,
More sharp than this is.] So, in King Henry VIII.: